



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

passions and motives, modified and redirected by literature and art. In short, Mr. Wells, who was once a Socialist, is now making a strong plea for an aristocracy of brains and talent, with the personal freedom which would be the natural concomitant of such a development. Of the immediate results of such personal freedom he gives us an example in the present story, where the hero sacrifices career, renown, future, and wife to an illicit passion. Mr. Wells does some excellent special pleading in his hero's behalf, but to those older than Mr. Wells there still seems to be no moral law more comprehensive than Kant's: "Let every act be such that it might become a moral law"; there is no desirable freedom which hurts and cripples another. Also one questions whether these passions which men plead for as so necessary to personal development would not offer just as much development if restrained, nobly restrained, for the sake of a more general welfare. At any rate, Mr. Wells's book covers a vast deal of ground: pictures of London suburbs in the last half of the nineteenth century, the political life of to-day, innumerable portraits of men and women, and scenes of social and political life. Mr. Wells brings a brilliant and active mind to his work, but no one more than Mr. Wells suggests the thought that intellect is only one part of a man's endowment, and that there are other and more profound regions in the human soul.

---

THE PATRICIAN. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

*The Patrician* is a very subtle study in the flaws and limitations of the patrician temperament, and it is the more convincing because it is generous. No one of the present generation of adults has looked at the English gentleman with a keener and more impartial eye than Mr. Galsworthy. From the *Island Pharisees*, the *Man of Property*, the *Country House*, on to this book he has quietly, truthfully, and handsomely portrayed his country people, nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice.

There may be a little less distinction, a little less of the keen satire for which we have loved Mr. Galsworthy in this volume, but there is undoubtedly an enthralling canvas none the less. Lady Casterley, the grandmother of Lord Miltoun, a little lady in whose personality lay the tremendous force of accumulated decision, "the inherited assurance of one whose prestige had never been questioned," is a bit of portraiture as distinctive as a Velasquez, and in another *genre* Susie is as delightful a drawing of childhood. As against the doubting and dissembling loves of Miltoun and Mrs. Noel we have the less painful affair of Lady Barbara and Courtier. There is something in the picture of Courtier which continually reminds one of Bernard Shaw; one can fancy him in much the same way riding off from a love-affair not too hard hit to renew his interest in the impersonal life.

*The Patrician* as a story is more nearly a bit of literature than anything in English fiction of this year that has reached us. It has charm, distinction, interest, and gives an intimate glimpse into English political life.

---

QUEED. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

A book that opens with such gross offenses to the English language and

to personal taste as does this one can hope for but little mercy from any reviewer with standards in either matter.

The first few pages supply us with the following excerpts:

"She had enough height to save that, but it was the narrowest sort of a squeak."

"Semple and West's was understood to be cleaning up a tolerable lot of money per annum."

"The homeward march of tired humans" (an unpardonable and offensive mistake, however newspaper use may sanction it).

He "was no shakes at crossing streets."

"The fire-alarm thing scared him crazy" (supposed to be the speech of a well-bred lady).

"Who under heaven reads Comte nowadays?" "Not me" (the well-bred lady again).

"Your dog ran amuck and began butting perfect strangers all over the place."

"You could make the money," says a young lady to a casual acquaintance, "and let me spend it for you."

And he:

"You'd want nothing better than to curtsy and kowtow where I flung out a gracious order."

Doubtless the author and publisher's reader felt that this style lent vivacity to the book. To the reviewer it lent nothing but momentary disgust and a great unwillingness to continue the volume. "Why is it," asked a distinguished foreign critic, "that all American novels are common—common spelled with a capital 'C' and then italicized and stressed?" The volume under discussion really throws a light on the question. It is easy to see that the book is the product of a culture bred upon newspapers and an æsthetic sense derived from a prolonged experience of third-rate boarding-houses.

Even the great Keats, with his exquisite sensibility for the figures on Grecian vases—seen, alas! only in a book of prints—once or twice describes a red and black table-cloth, a diamond jar, and a love who, like "a milk-white lamb, bleats for man's protection." Such flaws were the price he paid for being born an apothecary's assistant and living in the Early Victorian era. Also one can forgive anything to a man who reminds us of the "surgy murmurs of the lonely sea," and who says, "Darkling I listen!" The present author's highest flight of imagination in the matter of interior decoration is a "pretty, turkey-red table-cloth." To say all the worst things at once and have it over, the novel is made up of a newspaper view of life. The wit is much on the order of the tidbits entitled "Reflections of a Bachelor" which occupy a small space each Sunday in some papers. Such charming and original gems as:

"Her face . . . had in its time given pleasure to the male sex and some food for critical conversation to the female."

"No matter how well a woman looks to the untrained or man's eye, she can always put in some time pleasurably fixing her hair in the back."

"Fixing her hair," although to fix usually means to fasten and render motionless, is a favorite phrase of the author's as well as a favorite occupation of his heroines. Enough! The book has a great deal in common with the comic supplement and pink pictures of certain Sunday editions,

and since these editions sell widely, so also, doubtless, will this book. The surprising thing is that a firm of its publisher's standing should be upholding it with so great enthusiasm. The book is underbred from cover to cover. It is compact of provincial outlook, vulgar tone, flippant thinking, and sordid living.

There is no offense against morals in the book. Indeed, it is almost pathetic to realize what fair and decent morals may go hand in hand with execrable taste, imperfect acquaintance with the mother tongue, and vapid sentimentality. When sordid and common life is set down in all its sorrowful truth and careful detail by a man who knows it for what it is, as was done by Arnold Bennett in *Clayhanger*, or by Sudermann in *Das Hohe Lied*, or by Maupassant in *Une Vie*, it performs a function. It purges our hearts by means of pity, if not of terror. But set down by one who evidently feels it a goal, an ideal, a fair transcription, it can do nothing but lower all ideals.

One often feels in comparing our own fiction with foreign fiction that wickedness may have its purpose. The Middle Ages were full of wickedness, murder, bloodshed, wars, but also full of the great purging spiritual virtues. High emotions wait upon great actions, good or bad, and out of sorrow and remorse comes renewal of spirit. But what is to come out of sordid twaddle and jejune sentimentality?

---

THE COLONEL'S STORY. By Mrs. ROGER A. PRYOR. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1911.

It is pleasant to turn from a book like *Queed* to a book like *The Colonel's Story*. It is like emerging from the fly-specked dining-room of a fifth-rate boarding-house into a lady's drawing-room. One breathes more freely, and one remembers that there is still a remnant in our land of the old and high régime; a day when ladies spoke and behaved like ladies and when, as the Colonel told the little Dorothea, her motto was *noblesse oblige*, and "that means that, she is called upon to deny herself many things allowed humbler people and be at all times high and noble."

*The Colonel's Story* is a simple tale of old Virginia homes and manners and of an old Virginia gentleman who broke his heart because he loved a fair lady who loved another. It may not be a true tale, for long ago a good authority upon human life told us that "men have died, but not for love." But it is not for the story that we welcome this charming book by Mrs. Pryor. It is for its atmosphere, its high and noble breeding, its beautiful spirit, its historic value. It gives us a vivid picture of that lovely country of Virginia "befo' de wah." Was it ever as poetic, as ideal, as lovely as it lives now in the memories of those whose childhood days were then? Perhaps the very fact that the sordid details have been glossed over by time adds truth to the essential picture. At least we can say, "Here were the ideals of a certain race and a certain era." Our own land offers nothing lovelier.

Mrs. Pryor's power of characterization is excellent. Her characters—Anne Page, Shirley and Dorothea Berkeley, the Colonel, the doctor, Douglas Newton—all stand out and have reality and individuality. Her wit is sprightly and graceful and she has everywhere the great, the indefinable, the